

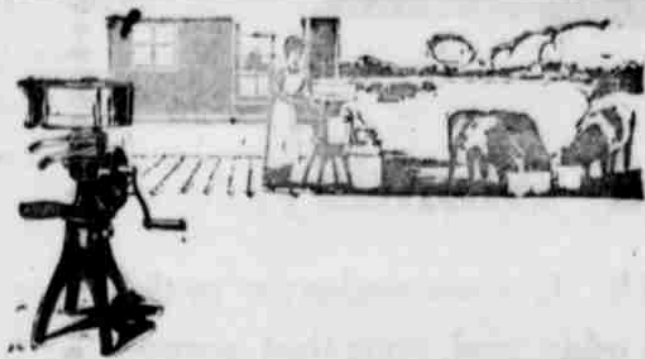
WEAR HARDWICKS DEEP CURVE LENSES

AND SEE BETTER

R. C. Hardwick

COMPANY

S. W. HARDWICK, Manager.



Three Cows and a Lily Equal Five Cows and No Lily

WE are offering you the Lily cream separator because the Lily is the machine we believe in. Its records and tests have convinced us that you can make more money from three cows and a Lily than with five cows and no Lily. That ought to interest you.

We believe in the sturdy, simple, sanitary design; the working of the few closely-grouped gears; the splash oiling system that doesn't fail; the one-adjustment feature which we will explain later.

Most of all we believe in the Lily bowl, which gets all the cream out of the milk, down to about one drop in each gallon. That's what counts.

*Come in and see this good cream separator.

Planters Hardware Co.

Incorporated.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

ADWELL BROS.

TIN WORK OF ALL KINDS

Roofing, Guttering and Repairing.
Flat Bed Steam Boxes.
Country Work a Specialty.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Rear I. O. O. F. Building.

TRY OUR PREFERRED
AD. COLUMN

Brings Results

FRUIT JARS

At Prices You Can Afford

MASON JARS

Pints - - - 80c per dozen
Quarts - - - 90c " "

QUEEN JARS

1-2 Pints - - - \$1.00 per dozen
Pints - - - \$1.20 " "
Quarts - - - \$1.40 " "
1-2 Gallon - - - \$1.75 dozen

Get our Special Prices on Oil Cook Stoves.

FORBES MFG CO.

Incorporated

Phone No. 249

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PRINCESS IS NURSE



This picture of Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary, only daughter of their majesties, King George and Queen Mary, shows her in the garb of a Red Cross nurse.

Her Royal Highness has commenced her duties as a Red Cross nurse and is serving as a probationer at the Hospital for Sick Children, London.

Polland Chinas

Will have a few choice pure bred Poland China spring board pigs on exhibit at Pennyroyal Fair next week. Will sell reasonably and all are eligible to registration from big bone type families. 140 Tues & Thurs.

R. M. McGAUGHEY.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER

A Present for Stephen

By LOUISE OLIVER

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The lieutenant picked up a thin tin pipe out of the basket and held it up with a smile.

"I haven't seen one since I was ten years old. It's a bean-shooter, isn't it?"

Jane laughed delightedly. "Yes, it is. Do you think a small boy would like it?"

"If he doesn't, he isn't human, I should say."

"There's only one trouble about that, though," went on Jane, more soberly. "I never thought until after I had bought it, that his mother is in very modest circumstances, and buying beans for a small boy to shoot into people's eyes might not happen to be the way she would choose to spend her money."

They were sitting on a fallen log in a maple grove beside the road. Overhead the birds were chirping and fluttering in ecstasy, for the day was one of nature's rarest, the kind she flings before the eyes of a winter-worn world to rekindle hope and faith in better things to come. It was early spring, but already there were signs that one young man's fancy had turned lightly to thoughts of—very great admiration at least for the girl beside him.

In front of them on the road stood a car, Jane's, that had stopped for repair. Just as it happened, the lieutenant had come along and offered to help mend the perforated tire.

Jane had accepted gratefully and now the car stood again ready for action, to use a military phrase.

There was really no reason why she shouldn't have gone ahead on her errand, but, when even the birds were fussily choosing their mates, and the long day was theirs, why shouldn't they rest a few minutes on the log and talk awhile?

"It's a birthday basket I'm taking to a little friend of my mother's," Jane explained, dumping the things out on the ground. "I wish you knew my mother," she went on. "If you did you would appreciate these things. The dear soul was born without any sense of humor at all, and dad and I nearly



"It's a Bean-Shooter."

save fits about her. Every May she's been sending some poor little fellow out this road a birthday present, and she always chooses the awfulest things for him. One year it was ear muffs and mittens she'd got at a sale. She said his mother could keep them in both halls till the next winter. And now she sent six bottles of sarsaparilla, for she said all children needed a blood purifier in the spring and no doubt his mother was too poor to buy him any. She sent everything from the 'Life of Shakespeare' to Gibbon's 'Rome' in the reading line, and once when she couldn't think of anything useful for him she sent a bolt of sheeting for his mother."

"Evidently she has a sense of values," laughed the lieutenant.

"You're right there," nodded Jane. "Well, anyway, she was too busy to attend to it this year with all her war work, and had a notion to let it go, but I thought it was a good chance to make up to the little fellow for all his years of disappointment, so I offered to take the burden of shopping and delivery off her shoulders. And here I am!"

"Blessed person! And how old is your little boy?"

"Bless your heart, I don't know," said Jane. "And I doubt if mother does, either. The little fellow was a protegee of Aunt Mary, who died. And all we know is that mother was to send a birthday present to Stephen Hampton every year on the tenth of May."

"But perhaps—" the lieutenant stopped. "You're right. There isn't a doubt in the world that your visitation will make up for all his former troubles."

"Well, there's the bean-shooter, and here's a bag of marbles—nearly all glass, too—and a top, and a month-old organ, a baseball and some peanuts and bananas."

"Bully for you! He's a funny boy!"

me can't have a perpetual birthday all summer."

Jane put her treasures back into the basket. "I must be going," she said, rising quickly. "It is getting very late. My boy won't have any birthday present at all if I stay here any longer."

"That's so!" he agreed reluctantly.

"But won't you let me go with you?"

Jane considered a moment, then looked up into his steady gray eyes. "Mother's very touchy about my talking to strangers, and the sky's been our only introduction—that and the car. But she's dotty on uniforms—a soldier to her is a combination of martyr and saint—so I guess you may come and see Stephen get his presents. Do you happen to know where the Hamptons live?"

"Yes, I'll take you there if you really don't mind my going."

Before long they turned into the driveway of a very pretentious country house. Jane was startled.

"Where are we going?"

"To the Hamptons."

"Why—I don't understand. Surely they can't live here. I thought they were poor."

"They used to be, but somebody left them some money. But surely that doesn't make any difference, does it? They're the same people, not changed a bit, and boys are the same the world over."

"That's true," answered Jane, a bit dubiously.

"And I do think you'll miss something if you don't know Mrs. Hampton. She's the finest woman I know."

They had come to the door now. "All right," said Jane, stepping out of the car. "But I was thinking of the sarsaparilla."

In the big sunny living room Jane was to discover something. The photograph in a silver frame on the reading table and that of a little boy on the wall were evidently the same person, and encountering the eyes of the officer, she realized that he was the original of both.

As this information conveyed itself to her brain, and the consciousness of a fearful blunder was sending the very blood to her cheeks, Mrs. Hampton came in. Jane waited for no introduction. "I've made a terrible mistake," she cried, pointing to the basket. "I've come to give your little boy his birthday present, and even ear muffs and sarsaparilla would be better than the stuff I have brought."

Then suddenly she laughed uncontrollably. "Oh, wait till I tell dad. Won't he just die, though! Bean-shooters, marbles, peanuts! Oh, my! For an army officer, too!"

"Dearie," said Mrs. Hampton, "don't feel distressed about it. Your mother has always kindly remembered Steve, but she never came out to see us, and I think she lost track of time. We always made good use of the things she sent, and saw that some one got them, but we never liked to hurt her by explaining."

"Feel distressed!—Oh, goodness! I don't feel distressed! I think it's a splendid joke."

Mother and son nodded at each other and smiled. If there was anything in the world they admired, it was a sense of humor.

"Besides," said Stephen, "it's the best birthday I've ever had. I'm going to give your mother a special note of thanks for sending me the nicest present in the world."

And the gray eyes were too full of meaning for Jane to question what he meant.

"That's true, dear," said Mrs. Hampton, smiling. "He's carried your picture since you were a little girl with curls. He said you looked so jolly."

Jane smiled gratefully and held out her hand.

"That's splendid of you. Suppose you go back home with me and show mother how little Stephen has grown up," she said.

"I'd love to," he answered, "and incidentally I'll mention to her a real birthday present I want sometime."

But Jane, flushing, had nothing to answer to this.

Disgusted Motorman.

A young woman accompanied by a little boy, signaled a State street car at Schiller street. The conductor gave the customary two rings and the car started. At the same moment a man rushed from the sidewalk, waving his arms frantically at the motorman and pointing to something under the rear wheels of the car.

The motorman turned pale as he clamped down the emergency brake and brought the car to such a sudden stop that it knocked the heads of passengers together.

He waited breathless as the man dived under the truck and brought forth triumphantly—not the crushed form of a little child, but the young woman's hat.

"Humph!" said the motorman disgustedly; "to stop a car just for a hat!"—Chicago American.

Success Is a Habit.

E. W. Howe, the Kansas writer and philosopher, says that "success is easier than failure." He is right. For constructive forces always work smoother than destructive forces.

Success is a habit. It's doing the simple, everyday, useful tasks that look very important, and doing them exceedingly well.

Nearly always the successful man is the unselfish man, the man who began years before to do the simple things in the best way he knew how—and kept it up. The man who did the right thing—once and over again.

The small and unimportant today—made into a habit—is sure to be the great and essential tomorrow when dire need, and maybe stress, shall call out every reserve and demand every ounce of all that you are.

VILLA'S STEPSON JOINS UNITED STATES CAVALRY

Manchester, N. H.—William Cereno, aged nineteen, who says he is a stepson of Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, has enlisted in the United States cavalry here.

Cereno says that three years ago, during the border uprising, Villa shot his father and married his mother. Cereno came north with the New Hampshire troops when they returned from duty on the border.

He says that he likes the United States so well that he has decided it is worth fighting for anywhere and was very anxious to know when he could get "over there."

FOR ARMY SUPPLIES

Build Warehouses to Cost \$218,000,000.

Permanent Structures Are Being Established at Chicago and Other Places.

Washington.—Warehouses construction, completed or in process of building, planned to facilitate the speedy handling of materials at storage points for use of the army, involves an expenditure of approximately \$218,000,000, the war department announced. When completed the projects will provide about 33,800,000 square feet of warehouse space, additional wharves and piers and improved harbor berths at various points.

With few exceptions, the war department announcement says, the projects are permanent structures of concrete, brick and steel. The building is being done under the supervision of the construction division of the army.

Warehouses have been completed at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Hoboken, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Port Newark, N. J.; Americus, Ga.; Chicago, Dayton, O.; Richmond, Va.; San Antonio, and Middletown, Pa. Construction is under way at New Orleans, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Newport News, Little Rock, Ark.; Schenectady, New Cumberland, Pa.; Columbus, O.; Charleston, S. C., and Norfolk, Va.

13 SONS, 17 GIRLS IN WAR

John Ward of North Carolina Has 35 Children—Boys in Army, Girls in War Work.

Raleigh, N. C.—John Ward, a negro, of Goldsboro, has thirteen of his eighteen sons in the Ninth and Tenth United States cavalry, while his seventeen daughters are busy with war work. The facts are vouched for by Sheriff R. H. Edwards of Wayne county, of which Goldsboro is the county seat. Ward also probably holds the record for quadruplets, says Sheriff Edwards, who gives the record thus:

Ward was born April 21, 1856, at Goldsboro. He has married three times and his last wife is now living. His first wife bore him fifteen children, four at one time twice, three at one time twice, one at a time once. His second wife bore him two at one time twice, three at one time once and five one at a time. His present wife has borne him eight, one at a time. His first wife lived six years and three weeks after marriage, his second wife eight years and six months. The number of boys is: By first wife, eight; by second wife, five, and by third wife, five. Of those now in the service seven are by the first wife, five by the second and one by the present wife. Another son has served in the cavalry, but is now living at Wilson, N. C.

SMASHES HIS GERMAN RAZOR

Going to Buy One That Bears a United States Brand.

St. Paul, Minn.—"Made in Germany." These words inscribed on a brand new razor purchased the other day by Traffic Patrolman Thomas Brown, whose station is at Fourth and Washburn streets, so enraged him after his attention was called to it by Dan Costello that he smashed the "Hun" razor against the court house wall.

"I wouldn't shave myself with any of those—I—I—I razors if I had to," said Brown.

"Now I'm going to buy a good razor and it's going to be marked 'Made in U. S. A.' and don't you forget it," were his parting words.

ANGELIC RUFFIAN A PROBLEM

British Lad Is Only Four, but British Colonel Seeks a Trainer For Him.

London.—The following advertisement from a London newspaper shows that a colonel had a greater problem than commanding his men:

"Colonel, young wife and small ruffian of angelic exterior, age four, after home, board and \$150 a year to a young lady who will undertake to instill into said ruffian the elements of a Bayard, develop a naturally strong affection and help said wife in house and domestic duties. Family, low colonel, pleasantly situated. Good parenting and upbringing and a cheery disposition main essentials. No postmaster."

U-BOAT OFFICER AT N. Y. THEATER

FISHERMAN SAYS HE SHOWED STUBS OF TICKETS AT BROADWAY PLAYHOUSE FOR

AUGUST 8.

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 20.—A story indicating that an officer of one of the German submarines operating off the American coast may have attended a New York theatre on the night of Aug. 8 was disclosed today by the wife of a well known New York playwright and prominent member of the summer colony here. She was among those who rendered assistance to the fishermen brought to the island Aug. 11 after a submarine had destroyed their vessels off George's banks.

One of the fishermen, a member of the crew of the Lena A., told her, she said, that he was questioned by the German petty officer who boarded the schooner. During the conversation they talked of New York and the fisherman asked the German if he had ever been there.

The officer smiled and took from his pocket two seat checks from a Broadway theatre, dated "Thursday evening, Aug. 8," two days before the attack on the fishing fleet.

In telling the incident today the woman explained that the story had slipped her mind until it was recalled to her by reports from Washington today that the raiders were believed to have landed men on the shore. Her story was corroborated by another prominent resident of the island who also interviewed the fisherman.

THE MARKET BASKET.

(Prices at Retail.)

Breakfast Bacon, pound.....	60c
Eggs per dozen.....	35c
Butter per pound.....	50c
Bacon, extras, pound.....	50c
Country hams, large, pound.....	35c
Country hams, small, pound.....	37 1/2c
Lard, pure leaf, pound.....	35c
Lard, 50 lb. tins.....	\$14.50
Lard, compound, pound.....	30c
Cabbage, per pound.....	10c
Irish potatoes.....	60 cents peck
Lemons, per dozen.....	60c
Cheese, cream, per lb.....	40c
Sweet potatoes.....	60c per peck
Cornmeal, bushel.....	\$2.35
Oranges, per dozen.....	85c
Cooking apples, per peck.....	60c
Onions, per pound.....	7c
Flour, 24-lb. sack.....	\$1.65
Black-eyed Peas, pound.....	12 1/2c
Navy Beans, pound.....	18c

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PARIS GREEN
Sold By
CAYCE-YOST COMPANY
Incorporated.

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Fine Bath Rooms. Four First-class Artists.

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